

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

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VOL. V.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

NO. 51

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oct6-ly

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Change of Schedule.
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On and after this date
WESTERN EXPRESS.
Connecting for New York and the West.

Leaves Atlanta..... 3:30 P. M.
Arrives Dalton..... 3:02 A. M.
Chattanooga..... 5:23 A. M.

DAY PASSENGER TRAIN.
To the North and West, carrying Pullman Palace
Car to Louisville.

Leaves Atlanta..... 8:30 A. M.
Arrives Dalton..... 2:01 P. M.
Chattanooga..... 4:37 P. M.

LIGHTNING EXPRESS.
Passengers leaving Atlanta by this Train arrive
in New York the second afternoon at 4:44 P. M.
13 Hours and 33 Minutes earlier than Passen-
gers leaving by Augusta the same evening.

Leaves Atlanta..... 4:15 A. M.
Arrives Dalton..... 9:47 P. M.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS.
Carrying through Palace Car from Donville,
North and West.

Leaves Chattanooga..... 4:45 P. M.
Arrives Atlanta..... 12:45 A. M.

DAY PASSENGER TRAIN.
From the North and West.

Leaves Chattanooga..... 5:45 A. M.
Arrives Atlanta..... 1:45 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.
Leaves Dalton..... 12:45 A. M.
Arrives Atlanta..... 3:30 A. M.

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Mrs. Wilkins's Club.
"But Mr. Wilkins, you don't under-
stand what—"

"Now don't talk to me any more on
that subject. I'm sick of hearing you
cackle. I tell you I don't approve of that
club, and I don't want you to be long to it. I want you going down
there and exposing family secrets, and
letting all the women around town know
what a ridiculous old chuckle-head I've
got for a wife."

"Mr. Wilkins, I'll—"
"And undertaking to preach women's
rights to a lot of pigeon-toed, fluffly old
girls, each of whom has been trying all
her life to get a husband, on some
single man or other, but never found
any one who had such very bad taste as
to have her. I say I won't have it. It's
perfectly ridiculous for a woman like
you, who has about as much idea about
writing an essay as a spoiled oyster has
of thorough-bass, to undertake to read
a paper on 'Woman's Mission.' In my
opinion, women had better be mission-
aries at home, and try to convert vic-
tims into dinner than to go around reading
documents like that you've been writing,
about three miles long."

"Mr. Wilkins, that's no such thing,
and—"

"Three miles long, on a subject you
don't know anything at all about. I'd
like to know what sense there is in cov-
ering three or four million sheets of
paper with your ideas, even if you had
any. I suppose you'll be wanting me
next to hire a day to haul your manu-
script round to the club room; but I
give you fair warning, I ain't a-going to
do it, not if I know myself, and I think
I do."

"You know I don't want—"
"You don't expect those old women to
set it out while you read the whole of
that, do you? Why, you must be crazy!"
You seem to forget that human beings
don't often live more than three score and
ten years, and it'll take you that long to
get half through, and they're sleeping all
the time. You'd better take around a
demijohn of Hoffman's anodyne, and be
done with it."

"Wilkins, you talk like a—"
"I'd just like to know what you want
to vote for, anyhow. In my opinion,
you'd better devote your attention to
your family. A pretty looking specta-
cle you'll make, going to the polls and
getting into pug muzzes, and having
your eyes blacked and your nose bloodied,
and your ridiculous bonnet smashed
over your eyes, and making stump
speeches. Not but what you'll do well
on the speech; you've got an extra gift
that way."

"Wilkins, you must be crazy!"
"And wandering around the streets
in processions, carrying a torch light,
and coming home greasy about four
in the morning, smelling of coal oil. By
George! I say I won't have it. If you
haven't any respect for yourself, you
shall have for your children and me—
You shall, by George!"

"You know I don't intend to—"
"I expect nothing else but you'll be
wanting to be boss of this shanty, and
be putting on airs, and trying to wear
the trousers. But you shall wear mine.
If you go fooling around with my dry
goods, you'll get yourself into trouble;
mind, I tell you. I don't want you strid-
dling about in my clothes, let me tell you.
I don't meddle with your petticoats, and
one thing and another, do I? And I
give you notice, I want you to let my
things alone."

"But, Wilk—"
"Let them alone, and be decent. You
needn't go around bragging, and think-
ing I'm proud of you. I'm mortified
half to death about your outrageous be-
havior. You're enough to aggravate a
plaster of Paris angel, you are. Why
don't you try to be genteel, and go down
and practise on the front door-steps with
a bar of soap and a scrubbing-brush, in-
stead of howling around this town about
woman's rights, and making a perfect
ass of yourself? Why don't you be of
some use in the world, like me, who
Smith's wife who had her leg cut off last
week by accident, but instead of sitting
down and yelping and howling over it,
she gave it to Smith to have knife-hand-
les and buttons made out of the bone? To
why don't you do like her, and try to
live for some purpose, hey?"

"What an awful story, Wilk—"
"I expect nothing else but you'll be
sporting a high hat next, and trying to
put your hair behind; what you've got
left of it, at least."

"Wilkins, I'll scratch—"
"But I don't care how much bigger
fool you make of yourself, only you're
just polluting the minds of your children,
and teaching them to walk in the road
to ruin. It's too outrageous for any-
thing. There's Brackengridge Augustus
been and saved up and bought a
high hat, and he staggers around under
it, looking more like some old clothes-
pin with an iron pot hung on it than
like the child of respectable parents—
There's more hat than there is boy, and
the first thing you know he'll shut up in
it, like a telescope, and very likely smother
to death, and all about of your ridicu-
lous tomfoolery and neglect of your own
offspring."

"Wilkins, that is ridiculous."
"I say it's shameful that you should
set such an example to your children,
and stuff such ideas into Holofernes
Montgomery's head, that he's doing his
all-fired best to grow a moustache, until
it's drawing all the strength out of his
scalp, and his head's getting bald, and
he has rubbed his upper lip with forc-
ing salve until it's swelled up about the
size of a five cent loaf of bread, so that
his nose looks like a hole in his face, and
the boy's constitution is undermined for
life. It's perfectly outrageous."

"You know that ain't so, Mr. Wilk—"
"And I've made up my mind not to
stand it any longer, for you've even
spoiled Mary Jane, so that she tried to
shave herself with my razor, and it ellip-
d and would have cut her innocent
throat if you hadn't taken the edge off

lacking at your abominable corns, and
bunions, and so on. And she's got so
stuck up that she has a boy to carry her
books to school for her, and the little
scoundrel thinks he is in love with her,
and he spends his missionary money
buying apples for her, and robs the
poor, offensive heathen in a distant
land, and prepares himself for a felon's
grave; and all because you neglect your
children and join clubs, and associate
with strong-minded old hags, and read
essays a million miles long, and want to
vote, and behave yourself like the regu-
lar slab-sided, long-necked, scraggy old
beifer that you are. I say—"

"Take that, now, and if you come
back here again I'll be the death of you!"
said Mrs. Wilkins, as a dull thud was
heard, evidently proceeding from the
contact of Wilkins's physical frame with
the floor. In fact, Mrs. Wilkins had
kicked him out of bed.

But they made it up again, for I heard
Wilkins abusing his wife in the morning
for snatching his pocket-handkerchief so
that he rubbed all the skin off of his
nose.

Just John's Luck.
John was made rich in spite of him-
self at Long Branch, and this was the
way it was done:

Just as I was the hungriest, Longfel-
low and Harry Bassett were brought out
and they went round the corner like two
Colts revolvers. All the nice young
men stood up and bowed and scraped,
and held up one finger, as if they were
stopping an omnibus. They all yelled,
"A hundred to eighty on Harry Bassett."
They all appeared to be so very polite,
that I held up my finger too, and bowed
back to all of them. I never saw such
a polite lot of young men before. You
have thought I was the Grand
Duke Alexis. I kept up the bowing
game just as long as they did, and pret-
ty soon the race was over; and I con-
fess I was agreeably surprised to see
about four hundred young men file up
and each one chuck a \$100 bill into my
lap. Then I thought the lot of young
men just the nicest lot of young men I
had ever met. There I sat with \$40,-
000 in my lap, and much to my aston-
ishment, I found out that all the time I
was pointing my finger and bowing back
to them, darned if I wasn't taking
every darned bit that was made, and
darned if I knew it. I only had eight
dollars in my pocket, and if I had lost
I'd slept in a oyster bed that night sure.

A Little Story.
I hear a story which will do to tell.
It is about an Irishman, of course. Pat
had worked two years upon the Central
Pacific road, and applied to Ogden for
a pass over it home.

"I can't give you a pass," said the
superintendent. "You have no ground
to claim it."

"And haven't I worked two years on
your road?" said Pat.

"Yes; but haven't we paid you for it?"
"Sure, your honor, you have, but after
working two years on it ye ought to let
me go home free."

"I cannot do that, sir. Why, look
at the case in its true light. Suppose
you had worked for a farmer two years,
and he had paid you every cent due you.
Could you ask him to harness up his
team and take you a long distance for
nothing?"

"Oh, no, your honor," said Pat; "but
if he had his team already hitched up,
and had to go away, as yours does, he
would let me ride, I know he would."

Pat got his pass.

Stop the Interest.
Daniel Webster once dined with an
old Boston merchant and when they
came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was
carefully decanted by Peter and passed
to the host. Taking the bottle, he poured
it out him. Then pouring out another
for himself, he held it to the light and
said:

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?"
"I think it a very fine specimen of old
port."

"Now, you can't guess what that cost
me," said the host.

"Surely not," said Webster, "I only
know that it's excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made
a careful estimate the other day. When
I add the interest to the first price, I find
that it costs me just the sum of one dol-
lar a glass."

"Good gracious! you don't do so!" said
Mr. Webster, and then draining his
glass he hastily presented it again with
the remark—

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for
I want to stop that confounded interest."

A skeptical young collegian confront-
ed an old Quaker with the statement
that he did not believe in the Bible.

Said the Quaker:
"Dost thee believe in France?"

"Yes; though I have not seen it, I
have seen others who have; besides
there is plenty of proof that such a
country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything
these or others have not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

By Fits and Starts.
Spasmodic efforts amount to little or
nothing. It is steady application that
accomplishes. One may be easily freed
up to do something, and as suddenly
cooled off. The team—often or horses—
that will pull together and pull steadily,
will do the work. But those who are
always beginning and never finish-
ing, have more of the spasmodic than
the persevering. Moral: Teach your
children to do one thing at a time, and
to finish what they begin.

Stealing, Lying and Slandering.

Essayists have written much on these
subjects, to prove which is the greater
vice. But the question is easily settled.
Of these three enormous vices stealing
by far is the most excusable. The thief, it
is true, degrades himself to the lowest
level, and becomes the scorn and con-
tempt of mankind. It is to put money
into his pocket, for which he is too lazy
to work. This frailty of his nature, laziness,
is the excuse for his vice, while, if
it did not exist, perhaps the vice would
not be practised. The thief takes nobody
—he desires nobody's life—he does not
seek to destroy anybody's fair name or
reputation. He has no malice, even
when he is breaking open the money
drawer. And while on this subject, how
many various ways of stealing are there,
besides robbing a hen roost, at which
mankind looks with indulgence. The
quartermaster or commissary who
shaves a trifle off each man's ration.<